

Surgeon General's Office

RABRARE

Section, Lygues 1





## ART

OF PRESERVING

## HEALTH.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIV.



By JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.



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### Art of Preserving Health.

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#### AIR.

HYGEIA\*; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,

<sup>\*</sup> Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Esculatius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Paon.

Whether thou wanton'ft on the western gale, Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north, Diffusest life and vigor through the tracts Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain. When through the blue ferenity of heaven Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd, Confounded fink into the loathfome gloom, Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends Grow more profane: Whatever shapes of death. Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe, Swarm thro' the shuddering air: whatever plagues Or meagre famine breeds, or with flow wings Rife from the putrid wat'ry element. The damp waste forest, motionless and rank, That fmothers earth and all the breathless winds, Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field; Whatever baneful breathes the rotten fouth; Whatever ills th' extremes or fudden change Of cold and hot, or moil and dry produce ;

They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all.

The fecret poilons of avenging heaven,

And all the pale tribes halting in the train

Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught

The comet's glare amid the burning sky,

Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,

Portend disastrous to the vital world;

Thy salutary power averts their rage,

Averts the general bane; and but for thee

Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no Poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.

Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay!
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws 2

"How best the fickle fabric to support

"Of mortal man; in healthful body how

"A healthful mind the longest to maintain."

"Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse

The best, and those of most extensive use;

Harder in clear and animated song

Dry philosophic precepts to convey.

Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace

Of nature, and with daring steps proceed

Through paths the muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O Mead! a well design'd essay,
Howe'er impersed: and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feverish world would wear.

A body free of pain, of cares a mind;

Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air : Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke And volatile corruption, from the dead, The dying, fick'ning, and the living world Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome With dim mortality. It is not Air That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine, Sated with exhalations rank and fell, The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw Of nature; when from shape and texture she Relapses into fighting elements: It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things. Much moisture hurts ; but here a fordid bath With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more The folid frame than simple moisture can. Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay That never felt the freshness of the breeze, This flumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows

With fickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor To drink the dun fuliginous abyss) Did not the acid vigor of the mine, Roll'd from fo many thund'ring chimnies, tame The putrid steams that overswarm the sky ; This caustic venom would perhaps corrode Those tender cells that draw the vital air, In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd a Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn In countless pores o'er all the pervious kin Imbib'd, would poison the balfamic blood, And rouse the heart to every fever's rage. While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales; The woods, the ftreams, and each ambrofial breeze That fans the ever undulating fky; A kindly fky! whose fost ring power regales Man, beaft, and all the vegetable reign. Find then some woodland scene where nature finiles Benign, where all her honest children thrive.

To us there wants not many a happy Seat! Look round the smiling land, such numbers rife: We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice. See where enthron'd in adamantine state. Proud of her bards, imperial Windfor fits ; There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove Fast by the flowly-winding Thames; or where Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats, (Richmond that fees an hundred villas rife Rural or gay). O! from the fummer's rage O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides Umbrageous Ham !- But if the bufy town Attract thee still to toil for power or gold, Sweetly thou may'ft thy vacant hours posses In Hampstead, courted by the western wind; Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood; Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd. Green rife the Kentish kills in cheerful air ; But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads

Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet. For on a rustic throne of dewy turf, With baneful fogs her aching temples bound, Quartana there presides : a meagre Fiend Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force Compress'd the flothful Naiad of the fens: From fuch a mixture fprung, this fitful pelt With fev'rish blasts subdues the fick'ning land: Cold tremors come with mighty love of reft, Convultive yawnings, lassitude, and pains That fling the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins And rack the joints and every torpid limb ; Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats O'erflow: a short relief from former ills. Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine; The vigor finks, the habit melts away; The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom Dies from the face, with fquallid atrophy Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad. And off the forcerefs, in her fated wrath,

Refigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gali.

In quest of fites, avoid the mournful plain Where offers thrive, and trees that love the lake; Where many lazy muddy rivers flow: Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll Fix near the marshy margin of the main. For from the humid foil and watry reign Eternal vapors rife; the spungy air For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight Of waters, pours a founding deluge down. Skies fuch as these let every mortal shun Who dreads the dropfy, palfy, or the gout, Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh; Or any other injury that grows From raw-fpun fibres idle and unflrung, 6kin i'l perspiring, and the purple flood In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

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Yet not alone from humid skies we pine; For Air may be too dry. The fubtle heaven. That winnows into dust the blasted downs. Bare and extended wide without a stream, Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph Which, by the furface, from the blood exhales. The lungs grow rigid, and with toil esfay Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd, Their tender ever-moving ftructure thaws: Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins ; Unactive in the services of life, Unfit to lead its pitchy current through The fecret mazy channels of the brain. The melancholic fiend (that worst despair Of physic,) hence the rust-complexion'd man Purfues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain Too firetch'd a tone : and hence in climes adult So fudden tumults feize the trembling nerves,

And burning fevers glow with double rage. Fly, if you can, those violent extremes Of Air : the wholesome is nor moist nor dry. But as the power of choofing is deny'd To half mankind, a further task ensues; How best to mitigate these fell extremes, How breathe unhurt the withering element, Or hazy atmosphere: Though Custom moulds To ev'ry clime the foft Promethean clay; And he who first the fogs of Esfex breath'd (So kind is native air) may in the fens Of Effex from inveterate ills revive At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught. But if the raw and oozy heaven offend, Correct the foil, and dry the fources up Of watry exhalation; wide and deep Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog Solicitous, with all your winding arts, Betray th' unwilling lake into the fiream

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And weed the forest, and invoke the winds To break the toils where strangled vapors lie; Or thro' the thickets fend the crackling flames. Mean time at home with cheerful fires difpel The humid air: And let your table smoke With folid roast or baked; or what the herds Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds Wield to the toilsome pleasure of the chase. Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years. But frugal be your cups: the languid frame, Vapid and funk by yesterday's debauch, Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heavens. But neither these nor all Apollo's arts, Difarm the dangers of the dropping fky, Unless with exercise and manly toil You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood. The fat'ning clime let all the fons of eafe Avoid; if indolence would wish to live. Go, yawn and loiter out the long flow year In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch

The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood; Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat, Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ; And wake the fountains from their secret beds, And into lakes dilate the rapid ftream. Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool, The moist relaxing vegetable store Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied By bleeding life, be gently wasted down, By foft decoction and a mellowing heat, To liquid balm; or, if the folid mass You choose, tormented in the boiling wave ; That through the thirsty channels of the blood A fmooth diluted chyle may ever flow. The fragrant dairy from its cool recess Its nectar, acid or benign, will pour, To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve. For with the viscous blood the simple stream Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups

Oft diffipate more moisture than they gives Yet when pale feasons rise, or winter rolls His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge In feasts more genial, and impatient broach The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air Provokes to keener toils than fultry droughts Allow. But rarely we fuch skies blaspheme. Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs Bedew'd, our seasons droop : incumbent fill A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the finking foul. Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rife Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades Had lest the dungeon of eternal night, Till black with thunder all the South descends. Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge Our melting clime ; except the baleful East Withers the tender fpring, and fourly checks, The fancy of the year. Onr fathers talk Of fummers, balmy airs, and skies serene. Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes.

This dismal change! The brooding elements Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath. Prepare fome fierce exterminating plague ? Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above. That lofty Albion melt into the main? Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom! Bind in eternal adamant the winds That drown or wither : Give the genial West To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North :: And may once more the circling feafons rule The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign Swells into cheerful hills; where Marjoram And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ; And where the \*Cynorrhodon with the rofe For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty foil Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.

<sup>\*</sup> The wild rose, or that which grows on the common brians.

There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep Afcend, there light thy hospitable fires. And let them fee the winter morn arise, The fummer evening blushing in the west; While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind O'erhung, defends you from the bluftering north, And bleak affliction of the peevish east. O! when the growling winds contend, and all The founding forest fluctuates in the storm; To fink in warm repose, and hear the din Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights Above the luxury of vulgar sleep. The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarfer frain Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks, Will nightly lull you to ambrofial rest. To please the fancy is no trifling good, Where health is studied; for whatever moves The mind with calm delight, promotes the just And natural movements of th' harmonious frame. Besides, the sportive brook forever shakes:

The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill, From vale to mountain, with incessant change-Of purest element, refreshing still Your airy feat, and uninfected Gods. Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty fides The etherial deep with endless billows chafes. His purer mansion nor contagious years Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy. But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, Involve my hill! And wherefoe'r you build;

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And wherefoe'r you build;
Whether on funburnt Epfom, or the plains
Wash'd by the filent Lee; in Chelsea low,
Or-high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd;
Dry be your house: but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike.
Your tender body through with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will seize you, hoarseness bind your voice.
Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.

These to defy, and all the fates that dwell.

In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,

Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;

And still at azure noontide may your dome.

At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the funny fituation here, And theatres open to the fouth, commend? Here, where the morning's mifty breath infelios More than the torrid noon? How fickly grow, How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales That, circled round with the gigantic heap Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope To feel, the genial vigor of the fun ! While on the neighboring hill the role inflames The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows The tender lily, languishingly sweet; O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves And autumn ripens in the fummer's ray. Nor less the warmer living tribes demand

The fostering sun; whose energy divine

Dwells not in mortal fire; whose generous heat

Glows through the mass of grosser elements,

And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.

Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,

We court thy beams, great majesty of day!

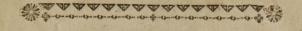
If not the soul, the regent of this world,

First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

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THE

## Art of Preserving Health.

BOOK II.

#### DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A defart subject now, Rougher and wilder, rifes to my fight. A barren waste, where not a garland grows To bind the Muse's brow: not ev'n a proud Stupendous folitude frowns o'er the heath, To rouse a noble horror in the soul: But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads Through endless labyrinths the devious feet. Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts Of life; the Table and the homely Gods Demand my fong. Elyfian gales adieu ! The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow, The generous stream that waters every parts

And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys -To every particle that moves or lives: This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again Refunded; fcourg'd for ever round and round; Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets Its balmy nature; virulent and thin It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates Are open to its flight, it would destroy The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before. Befides the flexible and tender tubes Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force Of plastic fluids hourly batters down, That very force, those plastic particles Rebuild : So mutable the state of man. For this the watchful appetite was giv'n, Daily with fresh materials to repair

This unavoidable expense of life,

This necessary waste of flesh and blood.

Hence the concocive powers, with various art,

Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;

The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide

To liquors, which through finer arteries

To different parts their winding course pursue;

To try new changes, and new forms put on,

Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labor into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labor thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste.
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,

Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste

With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!

Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid

The full repast: and let sagacious age

Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers; And foon the tender vegetable mass Relents; and foon the young of those that tread The stedfast earth, or cleave the green abyss, Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall, In youth and fanguine vigor let him die; Nor flay till rigid age, or heavy ails, Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke. Some with high forage, and luxuriant eafe, Indulge the veteran Ox; but wifer thou, From the bald mountain or the barren downs, Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ; A race of purer blood, with exercise

Refin'd, and scanty fare: For, old or young, The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd. Not all the culinary arts can tame; To wholfome food, the abominable growth Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste Rejects like bane fuch loathsome lusciousness. The languid stomach curses even the pure Delicious fat, and all the race of oil; For more the oily aliments relax Its feeble tone: and with the eager lymph (Fond to incorporate with all it meets) Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles The woo'd embrace. Th' irrefoluble oil, So gentle late and blandishing, in floods Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence, What horrors rife, were naufeous to relate. Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes : Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling down, Irrefolute, protract the morning hours.

But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,

With cheerful ease and succulent repast

Improve his habit if he can; for each

Extreme departs from perfect fanity.

I could relate what table this demands Or that complexion; what the various powers Of various foods: But fifty years would roll, And fifty more before the tale were done. Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange, Peculiar thing a nor on the skin display'd, Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ; Which finds a poison in the food that most The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood Impetuous rages through the turgid veins; Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind Than the moist mellon, or pale cucumber. Of chilly nature others fly the board Supply'd with flaughter, and the vernal powers. For cooler, kinder fustenance implore.

Some even the generous nutriment detest Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears. Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts Of Pales; foft, delicious and benign -: The balmy quintessence of every flower, And every grateful herb that decks the fpring ; The foll'ring dew of tender sprouting life; The-best refection of declining age; The kind restorative of those who lie Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife Of nature struggling in the grasp of death. Try all the bounties of this fertile globe, There is not fuch a falutary food As fuits with every stomach. But (except, Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl, And boil'd and bak'd, you hefitate by which You funk oppress'd, or whether not by all ;) Taught by experience foon you may difcern What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates. That lall the ficken'd appetite too long

Or heave with feverish flushings all the face, Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue; Or much diminish or too much increase Th' expence, which nature's wife economy, Without or waste or avarice, maintains. Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loofe, And bid the curious palate roam at will ; They scarce can err amid the various stores That burst the teeming entrails of the world. Led by fagacious tafte, the ruthless king Of beafts, on blood and flaughter only lives ;-The Tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,

Led by fagacious taffe, the ruthless king

Of beafts, on blood and flaughter only lives;

The Tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,

Would at the manger starve: Of milder feeds

The generous horse to herbage and to grain

Confines his wish; though fabling Greece resound'

The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.

Prompted by instinct's never erring power,

Each creature knows its proper aliment;

But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,

With all the commoners of nature feeds.

Directed, bounded, by this power within, Their cravings are well aim'd : Voluptuous Man Is by superior faculties misled; Milled from pleasure even in quest of joy. Sated with nature's boons, what thousands feek, With dishes tortur'd from their native taste, And mad variety, to spur beyond Its wifer will the jaded appetite ! Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ; And know that temperance is true luxury. Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim. Difmiss your parasites, who praise for hire ; And earn the fair esteem of honest men, Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours, The fick, the needy, shiver at your gates, Even modest want may biess your hand unseen, Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home. Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm But that which binds the mercenary vow?

No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom,
Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade?

No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or statterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,

Besides provoking the lascivious taste.

Such various foods, though harmless each alone,

Each other violate; and oft we see

What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,

From combinations of innoxious things.

Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine

To hermit's diet needlessly severe.

But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,

Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not mean while
How much to-morrow differs from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change innur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution, fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So heaven has form'd us to the general tafte.

Of all its gifts; fo custom has improv'd

This bent of nature; that few simple foods,

Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,

But by excess offend. Beyond the sense

Of light resection, at the genial board

Indulge not often; nor protract the feast

To dull satiety; till soft and slow

A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul

Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.

The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food: unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its suture wanderings, owns
Its turbid sountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but soulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund.

Of plagues: but more immedicable ills.

Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows.

How to disburden the too tumid veins,

Even how to ripen the half-labor'd blood:

But to unlock the elemental tubes,

Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,

And with balfamic nutriment repair

The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid

Glet age grow green, and wear a second spring :

Or the tall ash, long ravish d from the soil. Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew. When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain : For the keen appetite will feast beyond What nature well can bear; and one extreme Ne'er without danger meets it own reverse. Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame. To the pale cities, by the firm-fet fiege And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ; And hear ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds, Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wintry main; The war shook off, or hospitable shore Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy; Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day : Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves, Than war or famine. While the vital fire Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;

But prudently foment the wandering spark

With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch:

Be frugal even of that: a little give

At first; that kindled, add a little more;

Till, by deliberate nourishing, the slame

Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigor glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune) Extremes have each their vice; it much avails Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow From this to that: So nature learns to bear Whatever chance or headlong appetite May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues The cruder clods by floth or luxury Collected, and unloads the wheels of life. Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours a Then is a time to shun the tempting board, Were it your natal or your nuptial day. Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves The latent feeds of woe, which rooted once

Might cost you labor. But the day return'd Of festal luxury, the wife indulge Most in the tender vegetable breed : Then chiefly when the fummer beams inflame The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds A feverish taint through the still gulph of air. The moift cool viands then, and flowing cup From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, Will fave your head from harm, tho' round the world The dreaded \*Caufos roll his wasteful fires. Pale humid winter loves the generous board, The meal more copious, and a warmer fare; And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer His quaking heart. The feafons which divide Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd. Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain Descending, nature by degrees invites

<sup>\*</sup> The burning fever.

To glowing luxury. But from the depth Of winter when th' invigorated year Emerges; when Favonius flush'd with love, Toyful and young, in every breeze descends More warm and wanton on his kindling bride; Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks; And learn, with wife humanity, to check The luft of blood. Now pregnant earth commits A various offspring to th' indulgent sky: Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand The prone creation; yields what once fuffic'd Their dainty fovereign, when the world was young; Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd The human breaft .- Each rolling month matures The food that fuits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole:
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wanta

Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother, Regards not. On the waste of iron fields, Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave : Pomona hates them, and the clownish god Who tends the garden: In this frozen world Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal Is earn'd with eafe; for here the fruitful spawn Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board With generous fare and luxury profuse. These are their bread, the only bread they know; Thefe, and their willing flave the deer that crops The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills. Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South Her fwarthy fons, in either Ind, maintains : Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins. The lion burfts, and every fiend that roams Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd, Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords; Nor does the tepid main fuch kinds produce, So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals

Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes fustain. Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course; Kind nature tempts not to fuch gifts as these: But here in livid ripeness melts the Grape: Here finish'd by invigorating funs, Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows : Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields A generous pulp: the Coco fwells on high With milky riches; and in horrid mail The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets. Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live; Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn. Here buxom Ceres reigns : Th' autumnal sea In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains. What fuits the climate best, what fuits the men. Nature profuses most, and most the taste

Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirfty fouls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elfe intolerable air:
While the cool Palm, the Plaintain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, affuage
The torrid hell that beams-upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountain lead; Now let me wander through your gelid reign. I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds By mortal else untrod. I hear the din-Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs. With holy reverence I approach the rocks Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient fong. Here from the defart down the rumbling freep First springs the Nile; here bursts the founding Pe In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves A mighty flood to water half the East; And there, in Gothic-folitude reclin'd, The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.

What folemn twilight! What stupendous shades Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve A facred horror thrills, a pleafing fear Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round; And more gigantic fill th' impending trees Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom. Are these the confines of some fairy world? A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds What unknown nations? If indeed beyond Aught habitable lies. And whither leads. To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain. That fubterraneous way? Propitious maids. Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread This trembling ground. The task remains to sing Your gifts, (so Paon, so the powers of health Command) to praise your chrystal element . The chief ingredient in heaven's various works Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem, Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine : The vehicle, the fource, of nutriment

And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips And trembling hand the languid, thirfty quaff New life in you; fresh vigor fills their veins. No warmer cups the rural ages knew: None warmer fought the fires of human kind. Happy in temperate peace! their equal days Relt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth, And fick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd They knew no pains but what the tender foul With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget. Blest with divine immunity from ails, Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate Was ripe old age, and rather fleep than death. Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods Return to visit their degenerate sons, How would they fcorn the joys of modern time, With all our art and toil improv'd to pain! Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury, And luxury on floth begot difeafe.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain The choice of water. Thus the \* Coan fage Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school. What least of foreign principles partakes Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touck Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air : The most insipid: the most void of smelk. Such the rude mountain from his horrid fides Pours down; fuch waters in the fandy vale For ever boil, alike of winter frosts And summer's heat secure. The chrystal stream, Through rocks refounding, or for many a mile O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome, pure And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws, And half the mountains melt into the tide. Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid The fordid lake, and all fuch drowfy floods. As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals : (With rest corrupt, with vegetation green ; \* Hippocrates.

Squalid with generation, and the birth

Of little monsters;) till the power of fire

Has from prophane embraces disengag'd

The violated lymph. The virgin stream

In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes The food, or gives the chyle fo foon to flow. But where the stomach indolent and cold Toys with its duty, animate with wine Th' infipid stream : Though golden Ceres yields A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught; Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss Of fermentation foring; with spirit fraught And furious with intoxicating fire; Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years, Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine, The puny wonders of the reptile world,

The tender rudiments of life, the flim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine : The vile excess we blame; More fruitful than th' accumulated board, Of pain and mifery. For the fubtle draught Faster and surer swells the vital tide; And with more active poison, than the floods Of groffer crudity convey, pervades. The far remote meanders of our frame. Ah! fly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er. Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck Of fober vows !- But the Parnassian Maids \* Another time perhaps shall sing the jovs, The fatal charms, the many woes of wine; Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl, Nor every trespass shun. The severish strife, Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels

<sup>\*</sup> See Book iv.

The loitering crudities that burden life; And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears Th' obstructed tubes. Befides, this restless world Is full of chances, which by habit's power To learn to bear is easier than to shun. Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold, Or facred country calls, with mellowing wine To moisten well the thirsty suffrages; Say how, unfeason'd to the midnight frays Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd? Then learn to revel; but by flow degrees : By flow degrees the liberal arts are won; And Hercules grew frong. But when you smooth The brows of care, indulge your festive vein In cups by well-inform'd experience found The least your bane : and only with your friends. There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! feldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no fickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
Except kind nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the lingering sates. For know, whate'er

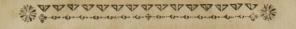
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
The fanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-feafon'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their \*elemental veins,
Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,

<sup>\*</sup> In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the study in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or sibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and sorce of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from insancy to old age is accounted for.

Sustain, and just fustain, th' impetuous blood. Here flops the growth. With overbearing pulse And pressure, still the great destroy the small; Still with the ruins of the small grow strong, Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force Of viscuous fluids and elastic tubes; Its various functions vigoroufly are plied By ftrong machinery; and in folid ftrength The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease. But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point, By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend For fill the beating tide confolidates The Rubborn vessels, more reluctant Rill To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart. This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees To hard unyielding unelastic bone, Through tedious channels the congealing flood Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on; It loiters Rill: And now it Rirs no more. This is the period few attain; the death

Of nature; thus (fo heaven ordain'd it) life Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd, Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate; And Homer live immortal as his fong. What does not fade? The tow'r that long hath food The crush of thunder and the warring winds, Shook by the flow but fure destroyer, Time, Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base. And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass, Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk; Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down. Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones, And tottering empires rush by their own weight. This huge rotundity we tread grows old; And all those worlds that roll around the fun, The fun himself shall die; and ancient Night Again involve the desolate abyss: Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom Extend his arm to light another world, And bid new planets roll by other laws.

For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, sluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep 2.



THE

## Art of Preserving Health.

BOOK III.

## EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has past ; But half the toil, and more than half, remains. Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song ; Plain, and of little ornament; and I But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts. Yet not in vain fuch labors have we tried, If aught these lays the fickle health confirm. To you, ye delicate, I write; for you I tame my youth to philosophic cares, And grow fill paler by the midnight lamps. Not to debilitate with timorous rules A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;

Is all the leffon that in wholesome years

Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd

Who would with warm effeminacy nurse

The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow

Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heaven

Behold the laborer of the glebe, who toils In dust, in rain, in cold and fultry skies; Save but the grain from mildews and the flood, Nought anxious he what fickly stars afcend. He knows no laws by Esculapius given; He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon. His habit pure with plain and temperate meals, Robust with labor, and by custom steel'd To every cafualty of varied life; Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast, And uninfected breathes the mortal South. Such the reward of rude and fober life

Of labor such. By health the peasant's toil

Is well repaid; if exercise were pain

Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these

Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;

And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,

Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone; The greener juices are by toil fubdu'd, Mellow'd, and fubtiliz'd: the vapid old Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood. Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms Of nature and the year; come, let us firay Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk : Come, while the foft voluptuous breezes fan The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm, And shed a charming languor o'er the foul. Nor when bright Winter fows with prickly frost The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth

Indulge at home; nor even when Erus' blafts. This way and that convolve the laboring woods. My liberal walks, fave when the skies in rain Or fogs relent, no feason should confine Or to the cloifter'd gallery or arcade. Go, climb the mountain; from th' etherial fource Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting fleed. Already, fee, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport Intent, with emulous impatience try Each doubtful trace. Or if a nobler prev Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer And through its deepest solitudes awake The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue, Not less delightful, the prolific stream Affords. The chrystal rivulet, that o'er

A stony channel rolls its rapid maze, Swarms with the filver fry. Such, thro' the bounds Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent : Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air, Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-fick swains,. Unknown in fong: Though not a purer stream, Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic groves, Rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood! May still thy hospitable swains be blest In rural innocence; thy mountain still Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods. For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay With painted meadows, and the golden grain ! Oft, with thy blooming fons, when life was new, Sportive and petulent, and charm'd with toys, In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd: Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,

With the well-imitated fly to hook

The eager trout, and with the flender line

And yielding rod folicite to the shore

The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds

And tepid gales obscur'd the russed pool,

And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind, There are who think these pastimes scarce humane, Yet in my mind (and not relentless I) His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. But if through genuine tenderness of heart, Or fecret want of relish for the game, You flun the glories of the chace, nor care To haunt the peopled stream; the Garden yields A fost amusement, an humane delight. To raise th' insipid nature of the ground ; Or tame its favage genius to the grace Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems The amiable refult of happy chance, Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,

Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain To check the lawless riot of the trees, To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould, O happy he! whom, when his years decline, (His fortune and his fame by worthy means Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind; His life approv'd by all the wife and good, Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves Of Epicurus, from this stormy world, Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares Abfolv'd, and facred from the felfish crowd. Happiest of men! if the same soil invites A chosen few, companions of his youth, Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends; With whom in easy commerce to pursue Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame: A fair ambition; void of strife or guile, Or jealoufy, or pain to be outdone. Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs The visto best, and best conducts the stream;

Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend; Who first the welcome spring salutes; who shews The earliest bloom, the fweetest proudest charms Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice To match the sprightly genius of champaign. Thrice happy days! in rural bufiness past: Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family With foft domestic arts the hours beguile, And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame, With witless wantonness to hunt it down : Or though the fairy-land of tale or fong Delighted wander, in fictitous fates Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity : Till loft in fable, they the stealing hour Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve His neighbors lift the latch, and bless unbid His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast, And sprightly cups, they mix in focial joy; And, through the maze of conversation, trace

Whate er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavor of the fruit,
Where seuse grows wild and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labors in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their laboring slight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom still the meed\* of the green archer charms.
He chuses best, whose labor entertains

<sup>\*</sup> This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.

His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate Fatigues you foon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs, perhaps, or arms resuse their load,
Or the chest labors. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigor and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor satigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the slying steed.
First from the goal the managed coursers play
On bended reins: as yet the skilful youth

Repress their foamy pride : but every breath The race grows warmer, and the tempelt swells; Till all the fiery mettle has its way, And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain. When all at once from indolence to toil You fpring, the fibres by the hafty shock Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats, Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. Besides, collected in the passive veins, The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls, O'erpowers the heart and delages the lungs With dangerous inundation: Oft the fource Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood, Ashma and feller \*Peripneumony, Or the flow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic Fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd Of foul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, seels

<sup>\*</sup> The inflammation of the lungs.

His vegetation and brute force decay. The men of better clay and finer mould Know nature, feel the human dignity; And fcorn to vie with oxen or with apes. Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone-To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows. The fine and fubtle spirits cost too much To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm. But when the hard varieties of life You toil to learn; or try the dufty chace, Or the warm deeds of some important day : Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale, Nor tafte the spring. O! by the facred tears Of widows, orphans, mothers, fifters, fires, Forbear! No other pestilence has driven Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep. Why this fo fatal, the fagacious Muse

Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace : But there are fecrets which who knows not now, Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps Of Science; and devote seven years to toil. Besides, I would not sun vour patient ears With what it little boots you to attain. He knows enough, the mariner, who knows Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirpools boil, What figns portend the storm : To fubtler minds He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave; Whence those impetuous currents in the main Which neither oar nor fail can steni; and why The roughening deep expects the storm, as fure

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied For polish'd luxury and useful arts; All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife, And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath

As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven:

Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs. Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime Not much invites us to fuch arts as these. Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin Too foft; or teach the recremental fume Too fast to crowd thro' fuch precarious ways. For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce In endless millions the close-woven skin, The baser fluids in a constant stream Escape, and viewless melt into the winds: While this eternal, this most copious, waste Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine, Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life With eafe and pleasure move; But this restrain'd

Or more or less, so more or less you feel The functions labour: from this fatal fource What woes descend is never to be fung. To take their numbers were to count the fands That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air; Or waves that, when the bluftering North embroils The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. Subject not then, by foft emollient arts, This grand expence, on which your fates depend, To every caprice of the fky; nor thwart, The genius of your clime: For from the blood Least fickle rife the recremental steams, And least obnoxious to the styptic air, Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores. The temper'd Scythian hence, half naked treads His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven; And hence our painted ancestors defied The East : nor curst, like us, their fickle fky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost:

Except by habits foreign to its turn, Unwife you counteract its forming pow'r, Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less By long acquaintance: Study then your fky, Form to its manners your obsequious frame. And learn to fuffer what you cannot shun. Against the rigors of a damp cold heaven To fortify their bodies, some frequent The gelid ciftern; and, where nought forbids, I praise their dauntless heart : A frame so fteel'd Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism: The nerves fo temper'd never quit their tone, No chronic languors haunt fuch hardy breafts. But all things have their bounds: and he who makes By daily use the kindest regimen Effential to his health, should never mix With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue. He not the fafe viciffitudes of life Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he

To want the known, or bear unusual things.

Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come).

Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too samiliar: For by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach Parch'd Mauritania, or the fultry West, Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan, Plunge thrice a day and in the tepid wave Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free Th' evaporation thro' the foften'd skin May bear proportion to the swelling blood. So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ; So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. With us, the man of no complaint demands The warm ablution just enough to clear The fluices of the skin, enough to keep The body facred from indecent foil.

Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce

(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth

Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;

The want of this is poverty's worst woe;

With this external virtue Age maintains

A decent grace; without it; youth and charms

Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know;

So doubtless do your wives: For married sires,

As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;

Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)

To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and feafons when to toil

From foreign themes recal my wandering fong.

Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed

To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage:

Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame

'Tis wifely done: For while the thirsty veins,

Impatient of lean penury, devour

The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time

To shake the lazy balsam from its cells,

Now while the stomach from the full repast Subfides, but ere returning hunger gnaws, Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil: And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress. But from the recent meal no labors please, Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers Claim all the wanderings spirits to a work Of strong and subtle toil, and great event : A work of time : and you may rue the day You hurried, with untimely exercise, A half-concocted chyle into the blood. The body overcharg'd with uncluous phlegm Much toil demands : The lean elastic lefs. While winter chills the blood and binds the veins, No labours are too hard : By those you 'scape The flow diseases of the torpid year; Endless to name : to one of which alone, To that which tears the nerves, the toil of flaves Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains

May all be free who merit not the wheel ! But from the burning Lion when the fun Pours down his fultry wrath; now while the blood Too much already maddens in the veins, And all the finer fluids thro' the skin Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade Reclin'd, or faunt'ring in the lofty grove, No needless slight occasion should engage To pant and fweat beneath the fiery noon. Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve To shady walks and active rural sports Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend, May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace Of humid skies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy To trace the horrors of the folemn wood While the fost evening saddens into night: Tho' the fweet Poet of the vernal groves Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops

Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd A pleasing lassitude : He not in vain Invokes the gentle deity of dreams. His powers the most voluptuously dissolve In foft repose: On him the balmy dews Of fleep with double nutriment descend. But would you sweetly waste the blank of night In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings Visit the paradife of happy Dreams, And waken cheerful as the lively morn; Oppress not Nature finking down to rest With feasts too late, too folid, or too full: But be the first concoction half-matur'd Ere you to mighty indolence refign Your passive faculties. He from the toils And troubles of the day to heavier toil Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height, The bufy dæmons hurls; or in the main

O'erwhelm; or bury firuggling under ground. Not all a monarch's luxury the woes Can counterpoise of that most wretched man, Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain, Stung by the Furies, works with poifon'd thought: While pale and monfirous painting shocks the foul; And mangled consciousness bemoans itself For ever torn; and chaos floating round. What dreams prefage, what dangers these or those Portend to fanity, tho' prudent feers Reveal'd of old and men of deathless fame, We would not to the superstitious mind Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear. 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the filent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night:
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail

What feafon you to drowfy Morpheus give Of th' ever-varying circle of the day; Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom, You tempt the midnight or the morning damps. The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils Of wakeful day, exhaulted and unstrung, Weakly refifts the night's unwholesome breath. The grand discharge, the effusion of the skin. Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies Creep on, and thro' the fick'ning functions fleal. As, when the chilling East invades the spring, The delicate Narcissus pines away In hectic languor; and a flow difeafe Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone. To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ? O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille, And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies! By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon With generous freams the fubtle tubes fupply; And foon the tonic irritable nerves Feel the fresh impulse and awake the foul. The fons of indolence with long repofe, Grow torpid; and with flowest Lethe drunk, Feebly and lingeringly return to life, Blunt every fense and pow'rless every limb. Ye, prone to fleep (whom fleeping most annoys) On the hard matrafs or elastic couch Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth: Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain And fpringy nerves, the blandishments of down : Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal Exhales his furfeit in prolixer dreams:

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd
Who rifes, cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies.

From habits urge you by long time confirm'd, Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage; Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd Her feafons change! Behold! by flow degrees, Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring; The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows; Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store; And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm. Slow as they come, these changes come not void Of mortal shocks: The cold and torrid reigns, The two great periods of th' important year, Are in their first approaches seldom safe. Funereal Autumn all the fickly dread, And the black fates deform the lovely Spring. He well advis'd who taught our wifer fires Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils, Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ; And late refign them, tho' the wanton Spring Should deck her charms with all her fifter's rays,

Albion the poison of the Gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field ; While, for which tyrant England should receive, Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd, And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd: Another plague of more gigantic arm Arose, a monster never known before, Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head. This rapid Fury, not like other pefts. Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle. And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores, the melted blood

The rapid Fates admit of no delay.

While wilful you, and fatally fecure,

Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,

The growing pest, whose infancy was weak.

And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway

O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,

Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah !! in what perils is vain life engag'd! What flight neglects, what trivial faults destroy The hardiest frame ! of indolence, of toil, We die: Of want, of fuperfluity: The all-furrounding heaven, the vital air, Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South Be shut; though no convulsive agony. Shake, from the deep foundations of the worlds. Th' imprison'd plagues; a secret venom oft Corrupts the air, the water, and the land. What livid deaths has fad Byzantium feen ! How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe, Wept o'er her flaughter'd fons and lonely freets ! Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,

Albion the poison of the Gods has drank, And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

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Gush'd out in smoaky sweats; but nought assuag'd The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil, Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, They tofs'd from fide to fide. In vain the stream Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still. The restless arteries with rapid blood Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly The breath was fetch'd, & with huge lab'rings heav'd. At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, A wild delirium came; their weeping friends Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs. Harrafs'd with toil on toil, the finking powers Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep Wrapt all the fenfes up : they flept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erslow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature

Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid steams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by slight to shun
The sierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' insected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the slames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' insected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desart some,
Abjru'd the satal commerce of mankind;

In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates pursu'd. Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main, To feek protection in far distant skies : But none they found. It feem'd the general air, From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East, Was then at enmity with English blood. For but the race of England, all were fafe In foreign climes; nor did this Fury tafte The foreign blood which England then contain'd. Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane. Where find relief? The falutary art Was mute; and, startled at the new disease, In fearful whifpers hopeless omens gave: To heav'n with suppliant rites they fent their pray'rs ; Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd; Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued With woes refistless and enfeebling fear; Passive they funk beneath the weighty blow. Nothing but lamentable founds was heard,

Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.

Insectious horror ran from face to face,

And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then

To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.

In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,

The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend Of tottering Albion! Ye eternal Fires That lead thro' heav in the wand' ring year! ye pow'rs That o'er th' incircling elements prefide! May nothing worse than what this age has seen Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign! While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic feam, Her bravest sons, keen for the fight have dy'd The death of cowards and of common men: Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown-

But from these views the weeping Muses turn, And other themes invite my wandering song.

## Art of Preserving Health.

B O O K 17.

## THE PASSIONS.

The use of Toil and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds
And how the subtle Principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive Body. Ye poetic Shades,
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.
There is, they say, (and I believe there is)

There is, they fay, (and I believe there is)
A fpark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the groffer frame;
And when the body finks escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.

Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades

The mortal elements; in every nerve

It thrills with pleafure or grows mad with pain.

And, in its fecret conclave, as it feels

The body's woes and joys, this ruling power

Wields at its will the dull material world,

And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself. Nor less the labours of the mind corrode The folid fabric: for by fubtle parts And viewless atoms, seeret Nature moves The mighty wheels of this supendous world. By fubile fluids pour'd thro' fubile tubes The natural, vital, functions are perform'd. By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd; The toiling heart diffributes life and ftrength ; These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these Are loft in thinking, and diffolve in air.

But 'tis not thought (for still the foul's employ'd)

'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay, All day the vacant eye without fatigue Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent On microscopic arts its vigour fails. Just fo the mind, with various thought amus'd, Nor akes itself, nor gives the body pain. But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care, Love without hope, and Hate without revenge, And Fear, and Jealoufy, fatigue the foul, Engross the subtle ministers of life, And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share. Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears; The Lover's paleness: and the fallow hue Of Envy, Jealoufy; the meagre state Of fore Revenge: the canker'd body hence Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant; who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,

Or finks in lethargy before his time. With useful studies you, and arts that please Employ your mind, amuse but not fatigue. Peace to each drowfy metaphyfic fage ! And ever may all heavy fystems rest! Yet some there are, even of elastic parts, Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore. And gives to relish what their generous taste-Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame, Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue With constant drudgery the liberal foul. Toy with your books: and, as the various fits Of humor feize you, from Philosophy To Fable shift; from serious Antonine To Rabelais' ravings, and from profe to fong.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read And read aloud resounding. Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.

The chest so exercis'd improves in strength;

And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive The reftless blood, which in unactive days Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes. Deem it not trifling while I recommend What posture fuits: To stand and fit by turns, As-nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts, And robs the fine machinery of its play. 'Tis the great art of life to manage well The restless mind. For ever on pursuit Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers : Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs Than what the body knows embitter life. Chiefly where Solitude, fad nurse of Care, To fickly musing gives the pensive mind. There Madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend, Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes Her own eternal wound. The fun grows pale; A mournful visionary light o'erspreads

The cheerful face of nature : earth becomes A dreary defart, and heaven frowns above. Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rife : Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear Forms out of nothing: and with monsters teems Unknown in hell. The proftrate foul beneath A load of huge imagination heaves; And all the horrors that the murderer feels With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breakt. Such phantoms Pride in folitary scenes, Or Fear, or delicate Self-love creates. From other cares abfolv'd, the buly mind Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon; It finds you miserable, or makes you so. For while yourfelf you anxiously explore, Timorous Self-love, with fick'ning Fancy's aid. Presents the danger that you dread the most, And ever galls you in your tender part. Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,

For grim religion fome, and fome for pride,

Have loft their reason: some for fear of want-Want all their lives; and others every day For fear of dying fuffer worse than death. Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can, Those fatal guelts: and first the Dæmon Fear ; That trembles at impossible events. Lest aged Atlas should resign his load. And heaven's eternal battlements rush down. Is there an evil worse than Fear itself? And what avails it, that indulgent heaven From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come, If we, ingenious to torment ourselves, Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own? Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares, Of what may fpring from blind misfortune's womb, Appal the furest hour that life bestows. Serene, and master of yourself, prepare For what may come; and leave the rest to Heav'n. Oft from the Body, by long ails mistun'd, These evils sprung : the most important health

That of the mind defroy : and when the mind They first invade, the conscious body soon In sympathetic languishment declines. These chronic Passions, while from real woes They rife, and yet without the body's fault Infest the foul, admit one only cure ; Diversion, hurry, and a restless life. Vain are the confolations of the wife: In vain your friends would reason down your pain. O ye, whose fouls relentless love has tam'd To foft distress, or friends untimely fall'n ! Court not the luxury of tender thought; Nor deem it impious to forget those pains That hurt the living, nought avail the dead. Go, fost enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves, Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune Your fad complaint. Go, feek the cheerful haunts Of men, and mingle with the buffling crowd; Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wish Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.

Or join the caravan in quest of scenes

New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,

Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.

Or more advent'rous, rush into the field

Where war grows hot; and raging thro' the sky,

The losty trumpet swells the mad'ning soul:

And in the hardy camp and toilsome march

Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low, Too weakly indolent to ftrive with pain, And bravely by refilling conquer Fate, Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion swill. Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom diffolves In empty air; Elysium opens round, A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd foul, And fanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ; And what was difficult and what was dire, Yields to your prowefs and superior stars: The happiest you of all that e'er were mad;

Or are, or shall be, could this folly last. But foon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thund'ring fream, Swoln o'er its banks with fudden mountain rain, Sinks from its tumult to a filent brook: So, when the frantic raptures in your break Subfide, you languish into mortal man; You fleep, and waking find yourfelf undone. For prodigal of life in one rash night You lavish'd more than might support three days. A heavy morning comes; your cares return With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well May be endur'd; fo may the throbbing head : But fuch a dim delirium, fuch a dream, Involves you; fuch a dastardly despair Unmans your foul, as mad'ning Pentheus felt, When, baited round Cithæron's cruel fides, He faw two Suns, and double Thebes afcend. You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch, The felon, with unnatural mixture first

Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.

Or on the fugitive Champain you pour

A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt

Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.

Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,

The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,

Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:

And wish that heaven from mortals had with held.

The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you fore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
They hardly know you! or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left

A facred, cherish'd, sadly pleasing name;

A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.

Your last ungraceful scene has quite essac'd

All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains, The disappointments, and disgusts of those Who would in pleasure all their hours employ & The precepts here of a divine old man I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd His manly fense, and energy of mind. Virtuous and wife he was, but not severe : He still remember'd that he once was young His eafy presence check'd no decent joy. Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he A graceful loofeness when he pleas'd put on, And laughing could instruct. Much had he read. Much more had feen ; he studied from the life. And in th' original perus'd mankind. Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,

He pitied Man: and much he pitied those Whom falfely-fmiling Fate has curs'd with means To diffipate their days in quest of joy. Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine. He faid, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ; Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd. But they the widest wander from the mark, Who thro' the flow'ry paths of faunt'ring Joy Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue. For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings, To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds, Should ever roam: and where the Fates more kind Our narrow luxuries would foon grow stale. Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow fick, And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain That all is vanity, and life a dream. Let nature rest : be busy for yourself, And for your friend; be bufy even in vain Rather than teize her fated appetites. Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys; Who never toils or watches, never fleeps. Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be bleft. But him the least the dull or painful hours Of life oppress, whom fober Sense conducts, And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread. Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin; Virtue and Sense are one : and, trust me, still A faithless Heart betrays the Head unfound. Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool) Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity : 'Tis fometimes angry, and its frown confounds; 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. Knavesfain would laughatit; fome great ones dare ; But at his heart the most undaunted fon Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms. To noblest uses this determines wealth: This is the folid pomp of prosperous days; The peace and shelter of adversity. And if you pant for glory, build your fame On this foundation, which the fectet thock Defies of Envy and all-fapping time. The gaudy gloss of fortune only firikes The vulgar eye: the fuffrage of the wife, The praise that's worth ambit ion, is attain'd By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the foul, Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness That even above the smiles and frowns of fate.

Exalts great Nature's favorites: a wealth

That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;

Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,

Or throw a cruel sun shine on a fool.

But for one end, one much-neglected use,

Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants.

Are few, and without opulence supply'd.)

This noble end is, to produce the Soul;

To shew the virtues in their fairest light;

To make Humanity the Minister

Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast

That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught.
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can controul
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What Passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and ferene Supports the mind, supports the body too. Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope: the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast, And yet no friends to Life; perhaps they please Or to excess, and diffipate the foul; Or while they please, torment. The Rubborn Clown; The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Ufurer, (If Love's omnipotence fuch hearts can mould) May fafely mellow into love; and grow Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can. Love in such bosoms never to a fault Or pains or pleases. But, ye finer Souls, Form'd to foft luxury, and prompt to thrill With all the tumults, all the joys and pains, That beauty gives; with caution and referve Indulge the fweet destroyer of repose, Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares. For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast Ferments and maddens; fick with jealoufy, Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy

The wholesome appetites and powers of life Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths The genial board: Your cheerful days are gone; The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled. To fighs devoted and to tender pains, Pensive you sit, or solitary stray, And waste your youth in musing. Musing first Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart : It found a liking there, a fportful fire, And that fomented into ferious love ; Which musing daily strengthens and improves -Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance : And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped, If once you doubt whether you love or no. The body wastes away ; th' infected mind, Disfolv'd in female tenderness, forgets Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame. Sweet heaven from fuch intoxicating charms Defend all worthy breafts! Not that I deem Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd, Love well repaid, and not too weakly funk In wanton and unmanly tenderness, Adds bloom to Health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds A gay, humane, a fweet, and generous grace, And brightens all the ornaments of man. But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd With jealoufy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,

Too ferious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
And some have died for love; and some run mad 2
And some with desp'rate hands themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent, A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair, Court all they meet; in hopes to diffipate The cares of Love amongst an hundred Brides. Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find A cure in this : there are who find it not. 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls The wound, to those who are fincerely fick. For while from feverish and tumultuous joys The nerves grow languid and the foul fubfides The tender fancy fmarts with every fting, And what was Love before is Madness now. Is health your care, or luxury your aim, Be temperate fill: When Nature bids, obey 3 Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb: But when the purient habit of delight, Or loofe Imagination, spurs you on To deeds above your ftrength, impute it not To Nature: Nature all compulsion hates. Ah ; let not luxury nor vain renown Urge you to feats you well might fleep without & To make what should be rapture a fatigue, A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms

Of twining Lais melt your manhood down. For from the colliquation of fost joys How chang'd you rife! the ghost of what you was ! Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan; Your veins exhaulted, and your nerves unstrung. Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood Crows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves (To each flight impulse tremblingly awake) A fubile Fiend that mimics all the plagues Rapid and restless springs from part to part. The blooming bonours of your youth are fallen ; Your vigor pines; your vital powers decay; Difeases haunt vou; and untimely Age Creeps on; unfocial, impotent, and lew'd. Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waste The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health ! Infatuate all who make delight their trade, And coy perdition every hour purfue.

Who pines with Love, or in lassivious stames. Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
He chuses to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway.
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,

With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare ? Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the feas, Desp'rate, and arm'd with more than human ftrength. How foon the calm, humane, and polish'd man Forgets compunction, and flarts up a fiend ! Who pines with Love, or wastes with filent Cares, Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief, Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades. But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies, At once, and rushes apoplectic down : Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell. For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings Reverberates each vibration of the Soul: As is the Passion, such is still the Pain The Body feels; or chronic, or acute. And oft a fudden ftorm at once o'erpowers The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds. Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear, And fudden Grief, and Rage, and fudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boilt'rous fit, Is Health, and only fills the fails of life.

For where the mind a torpid winter leads, Wrapt in a body corpulenr and cold,

And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;

A generous fally fourns th' incumbent load,

Unlocks the breaft, and gives a cordial glow.

But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep lent for ever; and forswear the Bowl.
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works good friend you may be wrong ?
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave!
If honour bids, to morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging sit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,
To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,
And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well; see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget.
The speculations of your wifer hours.
Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,

Fierce and infidious, violent and flow:
With all that urge or lures us on to Fate:
What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new Passons to your aid;
With Indignation would extinguish Fear,
With Fear, or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
And Love with Pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm, a Power, that fways the breaft : Bids every Passion revel or be still : Inspires with Rage, or all your Care dissolves ; Can footh Distraction, and almost Despair. That power is Music: Far beyond the stretch Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage; Those clumfy Heroes, those fat headed Gods, Who move no passion justly but Contempt: Who, like our dancers (light indeed and firong !) Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace. The fault is ours : we bear those monstrous arts ; Good Heaven! we praise them: we with loudest peals. Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ; And, with inspid shew of rapture, die Of ideot notes impertinently long. But he the Muse's laurel justly shares, A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire a

Who, with bold rage or folemn pomp of founds, Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the foul; Now tender, plaintive, sweet, almost to pain In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breaft; Or melts the heart with airs divinely fad ; Or wakes to horror the tremendous ftrings. Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul. Such was, if old and heathen fame fay true, The man who bade the Theban domes afcend. And tam'd the favage nations with his fong: And fuch the Tracian, whose melodious lyre, Tun'd to foft woe, made all the mountains weep; Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell. And half redeem'd his loft Eurydice. Music exals each Joy, allays each Grief. Expels Diseases, softens every Pain, Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague; And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

THE END.



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